

# The Daily Green Mountain Freeman.

VOLUME I.

Freedom: its Interests, its Rights, and its Honor.

NUMBER 191.

BY C. W. WILLARD.

MONTPELIER, VERMONT MONDAY NOV. 25, 1861.

PRICE. TWO CENTS.

## TO HORSE OWNERS!

DR. BRYDEN'S.  
HORSE AND CATTLE  
MEDICINES.

Which have been most successfully used in my own practice throughout Vermont and New England for several years, are now offered TO THE PUBLIC, for the rapid cure of all diseases incident to

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Hotel Keepers, Livery Stable keepers, Horse Buyers, Stage men, carriers, and farmers in every section, are aware of the success that has attended the use of these remedies whenever I have used them, and I now offer them in full confidence that they will prove the "needed" remedy for all horse and cattle owners' use.

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Veterinary Surgeon.

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These medicines consist of

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For Horses and Cattle out of condition—

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Cough or Heave Powder,  
For Coughs, Heaves or Broken Wind.

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For Stoppage of Water or too scanty discharges.

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Will cure Sore Throats and Horse Diptemper, swollen neck, old sores, bruises, sprains, cramps, and lameness of every description, in the shortest possible time.

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SPECIFIC FOR SCRATCHES,  
NEVER FAILS! NEVER FAILS!

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to all who have HORSES and CATTLE in their care, you have only to give them a single trial to be fully convinced that they are

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Full directions with each package.  
PRICE ONLY TWENTY-FIVE CENTS.

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FRED. E. SMITH, DRUGGIST  
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ANODYNE.  
COUGH DROPS

Has stood the test of a  
Ten Year's Trial,  
and is now acknowledged  
THE BEST IN USE.

It has the fullest confidence of its patrons, and over  
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To prevent the sad consequences of a hard cold or  
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For it always cures.

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also in all parts of the State, use it in their practice and  
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And this is the universal voice of people who use it.

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Dr. Huber, Hon. D. P. Thompson, Capt. Jewett, Dea.  
C. W. Storey, Ellis & Hatch.

give the highest recommendations for its use we ask  
WHO CAN DOUBT IT!

FATHER HOBART,  
The Oldest Minister in New England,

gives his strongest recommendation of its efficacy and for  
its use.

LAST, BUT NOT LEAST,

You can run no risk for every bottle is

Warranted!

PRICE 25 CENTS.

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As certain parties in Montpelier have for years past  
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Perfectly Pure!

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use Smith's Anodyne Cough Drops, with the utmost satisfaction!

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MINISTER IN

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THE REV. FATHER HOBART,

has used it for many years, and recommends its use in  
the strongest terms.

MOTHERS USE IT FOR

CHILDREN

TEETHING

and it proves to them the one thing needful, in every  
case.

RICH AND POOR.

HIGH AND LOW,

OLD AND YOUNG

SHOULD USE

SMITH'S ANODYNE COUGH DROPS

Only 25 cents per bottle.

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REFRESHMENT ROOMS.

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WHERE HE KEEPS CONSTANTLY ON HAND,

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Meats of all kinds,

Fruits of all kinds.

Nuts of all kinds,

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Rooms fitted up expressly for Private Parties.

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cannot be found at every place. So call for all your

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MELODEONS.

The first Premium has uniformly been awarded to these  
instruments whenever exhibited in competition with  
others. Manufactured by Smith & N. Y.

## Poetry.

### Immortal Longings.

Christ, let me come to thee!  
My heart is weary, and I long for rest;  
Is not my earthly mission well-nigh done?  
I can not bear this burden on my breast—  
It weighs my spirit downward like a stone.  
My sudden life is ever veiled in clouds,  
And midnight darkness hath come o'er my soul.  
My once bright hopes are wrapped away in shrouds,  
And sorrow's heavy surges round me roll.

Sweet Christ, O! may I come?  
Christ, let me come to thee!  
Life hath a dark Sahara been to me!  
The few bright flowers that bloomed along my way  
Were soon transplanted—each beloved tree  
To bloom perennial in the "perfect day."  
My dear loved ones sit round thy Golden Throne,  
And wait—a broken circle till I come;  
Let me not linger here on earth alone—  
O! let me join them in their heavenly home!

Sweet Christ, O! may I come?  
Christ, let me come to thee!  
Behind me roars the angry ocean tide;  
Each created wave comes nearer, nearer still;  
The muttering thunders in the billows hide:  
I shudder at their hoarse, loud voice so chill;  
I can not meet the fierce, wild storm of life!  
I have no strength to battle with it more!  
Too long I've wrestled in the painful strife,  
I must lay down the burden that I bore.

Sweet Christ, O! may I come?  
Christ, let me come to thee!  
In dreams I hear thy white-robed angels sing  
The golden glories of thy beautiful land;  
I hear the rustle of each snowy wing,  
And feel their touch upon my fevered hand.  
Colder than ever seems the earth to me,  
When I awake and see them flit away;  
I strain my eyes the last bright glimpse to see,  
And watch them vanish through the gates of day.

Sweet Christ, O! may I come?  
Christ, let me come to thee!  
I watch my tolling breath grow faint and slow;  
I note the hectic deepening day by day,  
And feel my life is like a wreath of snow,  
Which one kind breath of heaven would melt away.  
A little longer in this world of vice—  
The wished-for boundary is almost passed—  
I see the shining shore of Paradise,  
I know my pain is almost o'er at last.

Sweet Christ, O! let me come!  
Christ, let me come to thee!  
I've seen the gates that guard thy holy clime;  
And often caught a gleam within;  
I know they'll open in thine own good time,  
And let thy weary wandering child come in.  
I've had all, through this weary care and pain,  
One blessed hope, that ne'er has known despair—  
It cheers me like the sunshine after rain!  
I know thou'lt hear my deep and heart-felt prayer  
And let me come to Thee!

## Miscellany.

### Heroism in Humble Life.

BY ANNIE SAWYER TOWNS.

The following touching story of a New  
Hampshire Volunteer, which we find in the  
Springfield Republican, can hardly be read  
through with dry eyes:

A June sun shone hot and glaring on a low  
brown house that stood very near a sandy road  
in one of the farming districts of New  
Hampshire. Not a tree nearer than the  
next field which by way of compliment was  
called "the orchard" but a few straggling  
morning glories, and one or two puny asters  
(known to the mistress of the house as China  
Asters,) in a box under the window, told  
that even here, were some dim, ill-understood  
yearnings after beautiful objects. Near the  
broad flat door-stone, three yellow-haired,  
chubby children were making dirt pies, not  
one of them able to walk the two miles that  
lay between them and the district school  
house. Inside the house a sickly looking  
woman was trying to coax an obstinate baby  
of half a year old to go to sleep. "Poor  
Miss Plummer" as the neighbors called her,  
with no hands but her own to do a chore,  
was it any wonder that the flies were helping  
themselves to the slovenly breakfast; that  
the milk things still remained just where her  
husband had left them before sunrise; that  
the attempt she had made at washing only  
amounted to a litter of tubs and soiled gar-  
ments, and that in the midst of it all, obliged  
to sit down by the screaming child, she had  
only heart enough to darn, disconsolately the  
heels of an old stocking that ought to have  
gone to the rags months ago?

Frances Plummer and John her husband,  
had been married six years, and every body  
agreed that they had had a hard row to  
hoe. To be sure, his father had left him the  
old house, and rickety barn behind, and one  
or two acres of rocky sandy soil; but even  
this was not half paid for, and it had been  
it would not have been worth much, as John  
said, and his poor cow had to pick up her  
scanty living most any where. But they  
married young and full of hope. They  
thought the work of building up a modest  
fortune would not be too hard for them.—  
Somehow or other, they did not get along;  
they had bad seasons; the farmers cut down  
the wages of their hired men, and when the  
children began to come so fast, the wife grew  
weak and ailing, and John found that as the

years went by, they only managed to get a  
poor living. This spring of 1861, had how-  
ever looked a little better for them, for John  
had secured a small farm two or three miles  
from home, to carry on at the halves and he  
hoped by autumn to have a few dollars in  
his pocket wherewith to help pay off the  
mortgage. But in spite of this good for-  
tune, Frances, as she sat rocking the cradle,  
thought that her husband had seemed silent  
and anxious for the last few weeks, and her  
mind, always foreboding, grew troubled with  
the sense of some new grief to befall them.  
The stocking dropped from her fingers, and it  
was some minutes before she discovered that  
her child had at last worried itself into a  
restless slumber. She got up wearily and  
reluctantly, and attempted to bring some or-  
der out of the chaos that reigned around her.  
Perhaps you think she and her husband were  
rather weak bodies, but if you ever tried to  
get your daily bread off from eighty two acres  
of New Hampshire rocks, with a house and  
four babies for capital, you will have a little  
charity for that species of weakness.

Hour by hour the morning wore away,  
and although the noisy children trooped in  
one after the other, woke the baby and undid  
a great part of her work, still, by noon,  
which brought dinner and her husband, things  
did look a little more civilized. Noon cer-  
tainly did not bring a large amount of din-  
ner that day, but looking across the flat, she  
saw John's manly form, and a glow passed  
over her thin, sallow face, for in spite of their  
unromantic surrounding, these two people  
loved each other as do not many husbands  
and wives who live in very stately dwellings.  
She took up the salt pork and potatoes, lit-  
tled the baby into a high chair, and when  
John escorted by the three dirt pie makers,  
came into the kitchen, he looked as if he  
thought she had done about as well as a  
woman could who had anything to do with.  
But still she noticed the cloud on his face,  
noticed his careless answers to his children,  
and once or twice detected a long hard breath  
as if he were making up some desperate re-  
solve. She tried to speak it two or three  
times, but something sealed her lips and he  
saved her the effort; "Fanny, our com-  
pany, the Stark Rifles, are going to the war."

She saw it all in a moment—the picture  
of her husband as she had seen him years  
ago, before they had ever thought of being  
married, above his fellows on the muster-field  
in height, yet stooping low his proud head in  
acknowledgement of her timid bow. And  
when another scene took its place—that tall  
figure in the old familiar uniform, lying stain-  
ed with dust and blood on a far-off battle-  
ground she looked ready to faint, but still  
he went on with his story.

"I knew it a week ago, Frances,—knew  
it when the governor called out the regiment  
to which we belong, but I dared not tell  
you."

No word from the pale woman by his side  
—only the wild thought in her brain. Could  
she not hold, keep back this man, her one  
earthly hope, from what seemed to her, cer-  
tain death.

"We go to Concord Saturday," (and to-  
day is Thursday) thought the stricken wo-  
man. "At first I determined I wouldn't,  
couldn't go, but when I went to the company  
meeting last night, and the squire read the  
president's call for help, my blood boiled and  
my hand went up with the rest. God only  
knows, Fanny, how hard it is to leave you  
and the children, but I don't dare to be a  
coward. Why, Fanny, I couldn't ever show  
grandfather's old queen's arms to the boys again  
if I turned my back on my country now."

His great voice trembled, and the wonder-  
ing baby caught a hot tear on its grimy little  
hand, but there wasn't a line that looked like  
faltering in that stern face. The wife's tears  
fell like summer rain, but the words of her  
husband thrilled her, for the true blood of the  
true old state was in her veins, and it shamed  
her now that even for a second she had  
thought of holding back her dearest and best,  
if liberty called. Had she not listened  
while he read how the Massachusetts troops  
were massacred in Baltimore, how Ellsworth  
was shot down like a dog, and didn't she  
know that this war would decide whether it  
was to be slavery or freedom for her children?  
He was all she had of strength in the world;  
but for his sake she would not hold him  
back. She did not need many words where-  
in to express her consent; but when he saw  
her white lips stiffen into sternness, he knew  
he had no weak complainings to struggle  
with. There is not much time, counting by  
hours, between Thursday and Saturday, but  
there was much done in that poor household,  
for a new life possessed Frances Plummer.—  
She did not grow young again; she never  
did that this side of the grave; but she grew  
strong, for hers was the baptism of fire.—  
She listened while John told how she could  
get along in his absence, how this and that  
one would assist her, how he would save ev-  
ery cent of his pay for her and the children;  
and without any a rinking she told him in  
clear, full tones that comforted him, even

amid the groans and din of Bull Run, that  
he was to deny himself no comfort his pay  
could procure, for she could work as well as  
he. Once only she broke, when together  
they inspected their little stock of potatoes, and  
he said "there was enough to last until  
those on the east knoll were ripe, and then,  
please God, he would be with her again, if he  
was with her at all." Their eyes met, in  
pite of their resolutely turning from each  
other, and the bitter tears filled them.

Saturday came, and he went, and she took  
up her summer's work alone, not without the  
hope and courage that come from self-renun-  
ciation. When she was the most weary she  
remembered her husband, toiling in the  
trenches beneath a southern sun, and no groan  
or complaint, passed her lips. Her little  
family lived decently, thanks to her untiring  
industry, and even the nearest neighbor, who  
remarked the wonderful growth of the potatoes  
and corn on the east knoll, did not dream that  
hours before he was awake that woman was  
hoeing and weeding them. Once in a while  
she called the little ones to her, and read what  
she told them was a letter from father; but  
she was a poor reader of writing, and what  
with that and her sobs they did always get  
the full sense of the precious epistle. Just at  
sunset, on a July day, the heart of the great  
North almost stopped its beating, and a dark-  
ness like that of midnight settled upon us as  
we told the much exaggerated story of Bull  
Run. Many men never ran from that fatal  
field, and among them was John Plummer.—  
He was seen fighting single-handed with two  
Georgian Zouaves, while he had fastened to  
his belt the colors of his regiment. He fell  
at last, but the colors still waved over him.  
And yet Mr. William Russell says there was  
no hand-to-hand fighting at Bull Run.

They told the tale tenderly to the woman  
in the brown house, and her heart met its  
death blow as they told; but she only said,  
"He would rather have died so than run, and  
I would rather he would." In the years to  
come, if Freedom and Truth want them, there  
will be two sons of John Plummer, who will  
leap as exultantly to their call, and die as  
gladly at their bidding, as their father, —  
thanks to their mother's teaching.

Haverhill, Oct. 1861.

### Prayer on the Battle-field.

"O God is our refuge and our present help,  
Prayer from the million, humble, earnest prayer,  
Rising from hour to hour, will surely be heard;  
Who shall not pray in such a day as this?  
With such an issue in the balance,  
Results, momentous, infinite, at stake?  
Who shall not pray that God may interpose,  
Preserve our country, and defend the right?"

Go to the battle-field without prayer, with-  
out first supplicating a throne of grace asking  
counsel of God, without earnestly beseeching  
his protection and assistance. Will any offi-  
cer in the army presume to do this? Will  
any patriotic soldier presume to face the  
cannon's mouth, or point the spear, except  
he lift up his heart in devout, fervent suppli-  
cation for God's special interposition?

Cromwell was a man of prayer; he went  
forth to battle the enemy of truth and right-  
eousness, in the fear, wisdom and strength of  
the Most High. Prayer was his motto, his  
watchword. God's ancient people in all their  
successful engagements asked counsel of the  
Lord, besought his special guidance. On  
one occasion, when Jehoshaphat, the good  
king of Israel, went forth to battle, he went  
praising the Lord, the beauty of holiness,  
saying "praise the Lord, for his mercy en-  
dureth forever;" and the triumph over his  
enemies was complete, never more so, not  
one escaped. "In all thy ways acknowledge  
him and he shall direct thy paths."

"When torn is the bosom by sorrow and care,  
Be it ever so simple there's nothing like prayer;  
It eases, soothes, softens, subdues, yet restrains,  
Gives vigor to hope, and puts passion in chains.  
Prayer, prayer, O sweet prayer,  
Be it ever so simple, there's nothing like prayer."

### Influence of Family Worship.

The daily regular and solemn reading of  
God's holy word, by a parent before his chil-  
dren, is one of the most powerful agencies of  
a Christian life. We are prone to undervalue  
this cause. It is a constant dropping, but it  
wears its mark into the rock. A family thus  
trained cannot be ignorant of the Word. The  
whole Scriptures come repeatedly before the  
mind. The most heedless child must observe  
and retain some portion of the sacred oracles;  
the most forgetful must treasure up some pas-  
sages of life. No one part of juvenile educa-  
tion is more important. Between families  
thus instructed, and those where the Bible is  
not read, the contrast is striking. To deny  
such a source of influence to the youthful mind  
is an injustice, at the thought of which a pro-  
fessor of Christianity may well tremble.

Of all mercies, pardoning mercy is the most  
sweetening mercy. It is a mercy that makes  
all other mercies look like mercies, and taste  
like mercies, and work like mercies. He who  
has it, cannot be miserable; he who wants it,  
cannot be happy.